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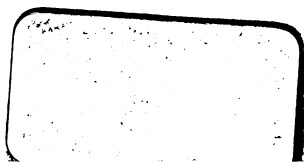
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# THE LOST CHILD,

## AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

T. P. BELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE WILD FLOWERS OF THE SOUL," ETC.

Dedicated, with Permission,

TO

THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNTESS MIDDLETON.

LONDON :

WILLIAM FREEMAN, 102 FLEET STREET.

1865.

280. j. 20.

EDINBURGH :  
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,  
PAUL'S WORK.



ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNTESS MIDDLETON,

*These Poems*

ARE,

(WITH PERMISSION)

VERY GRATEFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

HER LADYSHIP'S

OBLIGED AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,


THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.

---

REEK Mythology has always possessed a great charm for all classes of readers. Very few writers, however, have written so eloquently on that theme as the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., and the Rev. G. W. Cox, M.A.

The prose works of the last-mentioned gentleman are beautifully written, and should be read by all young persons who are fond of charming tales.

Mine is but a humble effort to give, in a poetic dress, under the title of "The Lost Child," one of the very many interesting subjects which Greek Mythology presents for the entertainment of the young, hoping the Poem will please those who read it.

I sincerely trust the other Poems in this volume will be acceptable, not only to the young, but also to those more advanced in life.

EXETER,  
*December 1864.*



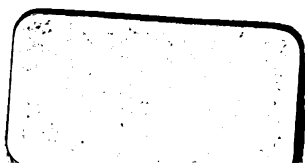
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# THE LOST CHILD.

A Legend for the Young.

---

## I.

 IN Sicily's sweet island-home,  
Persephone was wont to roam,  
With flowing flaxen hair ;  
And many a merry-hearted girl,  
Whose head was wreathed with glittering curl,  
That charmed the very air.  
O'er Enna's fields she loved to stray  
What time the orient beams of day  
Flung blessings on the flowers.  
Ay, and the time the purple Eve  
Of Mother Earth would take her leave,  
She'd seek the bosky bowers ;  
And to those merry-hearted girls,  
Whose heads were wreathed with glittering  
curls,



She'd tell full many a fairy tale,  
As down the west the sun grew pale,  
Or lingered, loath to leave the vale;  
And she was dutiful and good,  
And always spake in pleasant mood  
To all who chanced to pass that way,  
At morn, or noon, or close of day.

## II.

Her mother was Demeter fair,  
Whose voice was like the morning air,  
Mellow, and pure, and sweet.  
She was a lady true and kind,  
And of a calm and peaceful mind,  
And loved in her retreat.  
Yes, she was loved by every one,  
For she, from rise to set of sun,  
Spake golden words of love!  
Pleasant and sweet her smiles would fall  
On those who walked the marble hall,  
Or through the laurel grove.

---

Ay, she was ever well-beloved  
By all who through fair Enna roved.  
Each one would speak of her and say,  
As o'er the fields they sped their way  
To some reclusive spot of flowers,  
To spend the slow and sultry hours,  
And listen to the silver lay  
Of little birds upon the spray,  
That she was always good and kind,  
And beautiful, and pure in mind !

## III.

And beautiful Persephone,  
(Who lived in Enna by the sea,)  
Was light of heart and true ;  
Ay, and she was so sweetly meek.  
She'd always some kind word to speak,  
Which from her warm heart flew.  
Each day, as it bade Earth farewell,  
Would see her in the flowery dell  
Beside some rustic cot,

Breathing rich benisons on those,  
Who laboured till the evening's close,  
Contented with their lot!  
Her silver accents were a boon,  
Sweet as the summer air at noon.  
Her softest breath moved Echo's heart;  
And she would play her wondrous part  
From hill to hill, through seas of air,  
As if she heard Narcissus fair;  
For love of whom she pined away—  
Not to a flower or clod of clay,  
But to a sound or mystic voice,  
Which makes the towering hills rejoice!

## IV.

One blissful morn, in summer-time,  
(As through the viewless blue-aired clime,  
Great Phœbus walked in state;  
And flung his smiles upon the flowers  
That grew around the shady bowers,  
And at Demeter's gate;)

---

She took her playmates every one —

Spite of the bright and burning sun

That guarded all the way—

Across fair Enna's lovely plain ;

'Twas just as the unresting main

Sang Mother Earth a lay.

They went, as winsome children do,

(When life is young and beauty new,)

To gather flowers, or white or blue,

With which, when evening died away

In purple splendour o'er the bay,

They might inwreath their flowing hair,

That floated lightly here and there

Upon the soft and scented air,

As they were silken threads of gold

In many a glossy ringlet rolled.

V.

Full many a hyacinth of blue,

And many a white-browed lily too,

They gathered from the vale ;

And roses rare, with blushes deep,  
They culled from many a mossy steep,  
    In that delightful dale.  
But all at once, within the bower,  
Persephone espied a flower,  
    Whose odour filled the air ;  
And ran to pick it from the beds ;  
It had a hundred blooming heads,  
    That flourished free and fair !  
Of all the flowers on Enna's plain,  
That kissed the dews and drank the rain,  
Or smiled to hear the mighty main,  
Not one could charm the heart like this,—  
It seemed a hundred founts of bliss !  
And its delicious breathings too,  
Floated where'er the south winds blew,  
And filled afar the blaring sea,  
And every nook, and every lea,  
Which pleased the good Persephone.



VI.

'Twas a narcissus, golden-eyed,  
That fair Persephone espied  
    Upon sweet Enna's plain.  
She speedy sought, with beaming eyes,  
To take this very splendid prize,  
    And called her friends amain :  
But as she stretchèd forth her hand,  
A mystic heaving shook the land,  
    And every flower that grew !  
Pèrsephone gazed at the prize  
With fear deep-seated in her eyes—  
    Her eyes so soft and blue.  
Then oped the Earth, with mighty power,  
Around the bright narcissus flower.  
And while she gazed, with fear afar,  
There came from out the earth a car,  
Drawn by four horses sleek and slight,  
And black as is the ebon night,  
And stood before Persephone :

Then roared aloud the deep dark sea,  
And hushed the maidens' revelry.

## VII.

Then, as the night without a star,  
A dark-faced man leaped from the car  
In sad and sullen mood.

He looked on her with dreamy eyes :  
His face was like the leaden skies

That o'er the landscape brood  
The time old bleary-eyed Winter reigns,  
Over the bare and blighted plains,  
Where once the heather grew.

Then fleet around Persephone,  
His long thin arms of ebony

With vengeful might he threw.  
She, greatly frightened, sought to fly,  
And called aloud her young friends by,  
But they, alack ! heard not for glee,  
The voice of good Persephone.  
He swiftly placed her in the car,

Where she beside him looked a star  
Of passing brilliancy of light,  
Fast trembling on the breast of night.

## VIII.

His long and wondrous whip he waved,  
And soon Persephone enslaved,  
    He drove adown the gulf;  
As with a lamb, from out its pen,  
Flies—down some deep and hollow glen—  
    The all-devouring wolf.  
Then o'er the fair Persephone,  
The gaping earth closed instantly;  
    Yet light as summer air  
Falls on the brightly-blooming rose,  
When she, at the calm even's close,  
    Breathes to high Heaven a prayer.  
Now ran her playmates to the spot,  
Called her aloud in every grot,  
Bewailing her unhappy lot.  
And in each grove and bosky bower,



And round the bright narcissus flower,  
They sought her many a dreary hour.  
But, oh, alack! they could not find  
Persephone the good and kind.

## IX.

"Here is the very self-same flower,  
She ran to pick from out the bower,"  
The little maidens said;  
"There's no place here where she can hide."  
Then loudly roared the mournful tide  
And filled their hearts with dread.  
Yet still they searched fair Enna's plain,  
And called her everywhere amain,  
E'en till the shadows fell  
Across the greenly-growing earth;  
When, sad at heart and lost to mirth,  
They left the lonesome dell.  
Unto Demeter, the beloved,  
With heavy steps they slowly moved;  
Nor sang a song nor prayed a prayer,

---

So dull were their young hearts with care.  
Because she whom they loved so well—  
Demeter's joy, Demeter's boast,  
The spell that bound sweet Enna's coast—  
Could not be found in all the dell.

## X.

Ere long they reached the Lady's bower,  
Where they had spent full many an hour,  
    When wintry winds blew wild.  
Still bloomed the red-cheeked roses there,  
Still perfumes lingered in the air,  
    And still the lilies smiled !  
As they drew near the villa fair,  
There floated through the balmy air,  
    A thousand merry cheers !  
Demeter flew to greet the girls,  
But they, beneath their golden curls,  
    Were steeped in silver tears !  
Uplifting slow their pendent brows,  
As if to breathe some solemn vows,

While the blue zephyrs held their hair,  
The silver tears spake in their eyes,  
As dew-drops to the azure skies,  
When rosy morn breathes God a prayer.  
Then—with their faces ashy pale—  
They told the Lady of the dale,  
Persephone had fled away,  
They knew not where, nor could they say,  
How she had left sweet Enna's vale.

## XI.

Demeter now was very sad;  
No loving words could make her glad,  
    So deep her sorrow grew.  
Dark robes she donned: took torch in hand:  
And over all the sea and land  
    To seek Persephone she flew!  
O'er hills, and dales, and dingles deep,  
And meadows dotted o'er with sheep,  
    And vales of flowerets bright,  
She spent, in grief, ten dreary days;

Yet on she urged her weary ways,  
Till Hecate came in sight.  
"Oh! tell me," poor Demeter said,  
Uplifting slow her beauteous head,  
"Where sweet Persephone hath fled  
From Enna's fields of love and light,  
From Enna's fields of flowerets bright?"  
Whereon old Hecate spake and said,  
"I know not where thy child hath fled.  
I heard her voice of bitter pain  
When some one seized her on the plain,  
But saw her not. Lo! from the skies,  
Comes Helios with watchful eyes—  
He'll tell thee where thy daughter flies."

## XII.

To Helios she went apace,  
Amazement clouding deep her face,  
And thus to him she said:  
"O thou that sittest in the sun!  
And seest everything that's done—

Therefore Olympus fair she left,  
And, wondering, wandered miles away,  
Nor spake a word nor sang a lay,  
But speedy swept the valleys gay.

## XIV.

Beneath the grand Thessalian hill,  
Anent a babbling silver rill,  
All slowly died the day.  
Yet still she journeyed on and on,  
Silent and sad for that dear one,  
Whose love was leal alway.  
Through many a glen—long, deep, and  
dread—  
She flew apace with drooping head,  
Till she Eleusis saw,  
Bathed in a flood of purple light,  
That, from the sky, flowed soft and bright,  
Obedient to wise law.  
Behind the lofty hills of blue,  
The sun—into his golden cup—  
Was gliding down with brilliant hue,

Which flung a glow along the west ;  
As by a fount she sought for rest,  
Whose waters pure were bubbling up  
From out a green turf's senseless breast,  
And flowing to a lucid mere ;  
O'er which the dark-green olive-trees,  
Outspread their broad boughs in the breeze,  
And silent watched the waters clear.

## XV.

The daughters of Keleüs great—  
From out the peaceful city's gate—  
Came to a fountain fair  
With ornate pitchers on their heads ;  
Their tresses, like rich silken threads,  
Were flowing in the air.  
The time the royal maidens eyed,  
Demeter by the argent tide,  
Her eyes were filled with woe.  
Then soft the beauteous maidens said,  
"O Lady! raise thy drooping head,  
Why doth this sorrow flow ?

Look up and tell us all thy fears ;  
Why art thou thus ? why weep these tears ?  
Oh ! breathe thy griefs unto our ears."  
Then poor Demeter spake and said,  
Uplifting slow her pendent head,  
" Sweet ladies ! thus my child I seek,  
Whom I have lost for many days.  
She was as merry as the fays,  
And always had glad words to speak.  
And all her playmates loved her well ;  
She was our pride ; ay, and the spell  
That charmed my home in Enna's dell.

## XVI.

Oh ! yes, and she was dutiful ;  
All bright of eye and beautiful ;  
Yea, lovelier than the May !"   
" Come," said the maidens, " home with us ;  
Come, lady, come and roam with us,  
And listen to our lay.  
We'll try to soothe thy bitter pain,

By gathering thee along the plain  
Some balmy blossoms wild.  
Our parents will be kind to thee,  
And we will try to find for thee,  
Thy lovely, fair-haired child!"  
So she arose; went with the girls;  
And dwelt in their bright home a year.  
She never laughed; she never smiled;  
But mourned the loss of her sweet child,  
And wept her many a bitter tear.  
The Earth, too, with Demeter wept,  
And everything that flew or crept;  
And every gusty wind that blew;  
No foodful fruit grew on the trees;  
No yellow corn waved in the breeze;  
No blushing flower the gardens knew.

## XVII.

Now, from his grand Thessalian hill,  
Great Zeus looked upon each rill,  
And on each trembling leaf.



And saw that everything would die,  
Beneath Demeter's tearful eye,  
    Unless he staid her grief.  
So Zeus bade swift Hermes fly,  
As lightning through the lurid sky,  
    Down to the regions dread,  
(Where Hades dwelt below the earth  
With solemn face that ne'er knew mirth,  
    Like the souls of the wicked dead,)  
And bid stern Hades send with speed,  
In state—if not with merry reed—  
Or through the earth or through the sea,  
The beautiful Persephone  
To soothe her mother's mournful heart.  
Then, as the strong bow's winged dart,  
Swift Hermes clave the air with glee,  
And instant reached Persephone!  
When Hermes to King Hades said,  
Plying with skill his wondrous part,  
"Thy wife must leave her home so dread  
To cheer her weeping mother's heart."

## XVIII.

But erst ere Hades bade his wife  
Go forth to quell this darksome strife,  
    And hush Demeter's grief,  
Some mystic fruit of reddish hue  
He gave to her with reverence due,  
    Such as became a chief.  
Anon the coal-black horses four  
Came to the gloomy palace door,  
    And brought the chariot too.  
Then fleet, from stern King Hades' grove,  
They, with sweet Enna's peaceful dove,  
    To poor Demeter flew !  
On, on they sped through murky air,  
Until they reached Eleusis fair,  
Just at the hour of evening prayer.  
Then Hermes left Persephone ;  
And off to Zeus merrily  
He flew across the sounding sea.  
As to Demeter she drew near,

---

To cheer her heart and dry her tear,  
And hush her every grief and fear,  
The coal-black horses flew away !  
And left Persephone the gay  
To carol her some soothing lay.

XIX.

'Twas sundown when fleet Hermes flew,  
So speedy through the ether blue,  
    To the Thessalian height.  
As still as death, peered through the sky,  
Like angel with bright-beaming eye,  
    The first sweet star of night.  
There, by a full relucent rill,  
Sat, in her dark robes calm and still,  
    Demeter the beloved.  
Yes, there she sat who used to sing,  
As sweetly as the birds of Spring,  
    Like one who'd never moved.  
Her once fair face hid in her hands,  
As though she'd never seen the lands

That lay around her rich and sheen ;  
And robed with verdure bright and green ;  
And gladdened by the flowing stream,  
Wherein, reflected deep yet clear,  
She looked like beauty in a dream,  
Heedless of the pellucid mere,  
That spake to her of happy hours  
She'd spent amid sweet Enna's flowers.

## XX.

When sorrowful Demeter heard,  
The argent voice of some bright bird,  
    And the rustling of a dress,  
She gently raised her beauteous brow,  
(Which was so fair, so calm ere now,  
    When she knew happiness,)  
And lo, in the gray gloaming deep,  
Beside her, on the velvet steep,  
    She saw her darling child !  
She rose apace and clasped again  
The long-lost pride of Enna's plain,  
    Persephone the mild !

And said, with loudly-heaving breast,  
That longed to be once more at rest,  
“ Oh ! now thou art returned to me,  
Or from the earth or from the air,  
I know not how—I care not where,  
My own, my dear Persephone !  
Thou shalt not leave my home again,  
Thou shalt not leave bright Enna’s glen,  
To live in Hades’ horrid den.”

## XXI.

Then sweetly spake Persephone—  
Spite of the fierce mermaidens’ glee  
That floated ’neath the waves—  
“ Mother, I love you very dear,  
And yet to Hades’ home so drear,  
(Where live dark sullen slaves,)  
Anon I must go back again,  
And leave you and this lovely plain,  
And all my playmates fair ;  
For Hades—grave, and grim, and mute—

Gave me to eat some mystic fruit,  
Plucked in the purple air.  
On tasting which he knew that I  
Must leave you and this watchet sky,  
Spite of your sad and tearful eye,  
Yes, spite of all my friends might say,  
With whom I used to pass away  
In Enna's plain—more bright than this—  
So many pleasant hours of bliss;  
When we were wont to gather flowers,  
And charm away the lingering hours!

## XXII.

For oh, dear mother, it is true—  
Of this strange fruit of reddish hue—  
I've eat the wondrous seeds!  
Therefore, in six months from this day,  
I must indeed to him away  
In the car with the coal-black steeds!  
Though Hades never smiles on me,  
Nor sings to your Persephone,  
He's always very mild.

And though he laughs not in his land,  
He's happy since he took the hand  
    Of your own darling child !  
Ay, he is kind—though grim of face—  
And ever, with the sweetest grace,  
He gives me fruits and flowers too ;  
And which, I'm sure, would please e'en you,  
So rich, so deep their dye of blue.  
And oh, their fragrance is so sweet,  
They make me love his strange retreat ;  
Though murky gloom reigns everywhere,  
And horrid shrieks float on the air.

## XXIII.

Grieve not, O mother ! he hath said,  
(And surely since to him I'm wed,  
    I must believe him true !)  
Six months in every year shall I  
With Hades spend, (oh, ask not why ?)  
    And the other six with you !"  
All, all were filled with merriest glee ;

---

The maidens kissed Persephone,  
And wreathed her head with flowers !  
The ocean, rolling, sweetly smiled ;  
Demeter clasped again her child ;  
And grief fled from the bowers !  
Oh ! yes ; she was so happy now—  
The clouds of care rolled from her brow !  
Her face grew fairer day by day ;  
And once again she sang a lay !  
And Mother Earth smiled once again ;—  
The richest fruits grew on the trees ;  
The golden corn waved in the breeze ;  
And blushing flowers blest Enna's plain !

## XXIV.

Right merrily the months flew by ;  
And orient splendour filled the sky ;  
And everything was fair !  
And over all the sunny seas ;  
And 'neath the tall majestic trees ;  
Rich perfumes filled the air !  
There were no sounds of sorrow dread,



For everywhere all woe had fled,  
And life and love were new !  
Yes, everywhere all things were bright,  
And gladness filled the hours of night,  
And the stars smiled soft and true !  
The bounding brooklets swept the grove ;  
The fountains spake again their love ;  
And in each hollow cooed the dove.  
And songs of merry life were heard  
From every happy-hearted bird.  
Then Hermes came and gently said,  
“ Here are the coal-black horses four :  
The car is at Demeter’s door.”  
And away with her sweet child they fled !

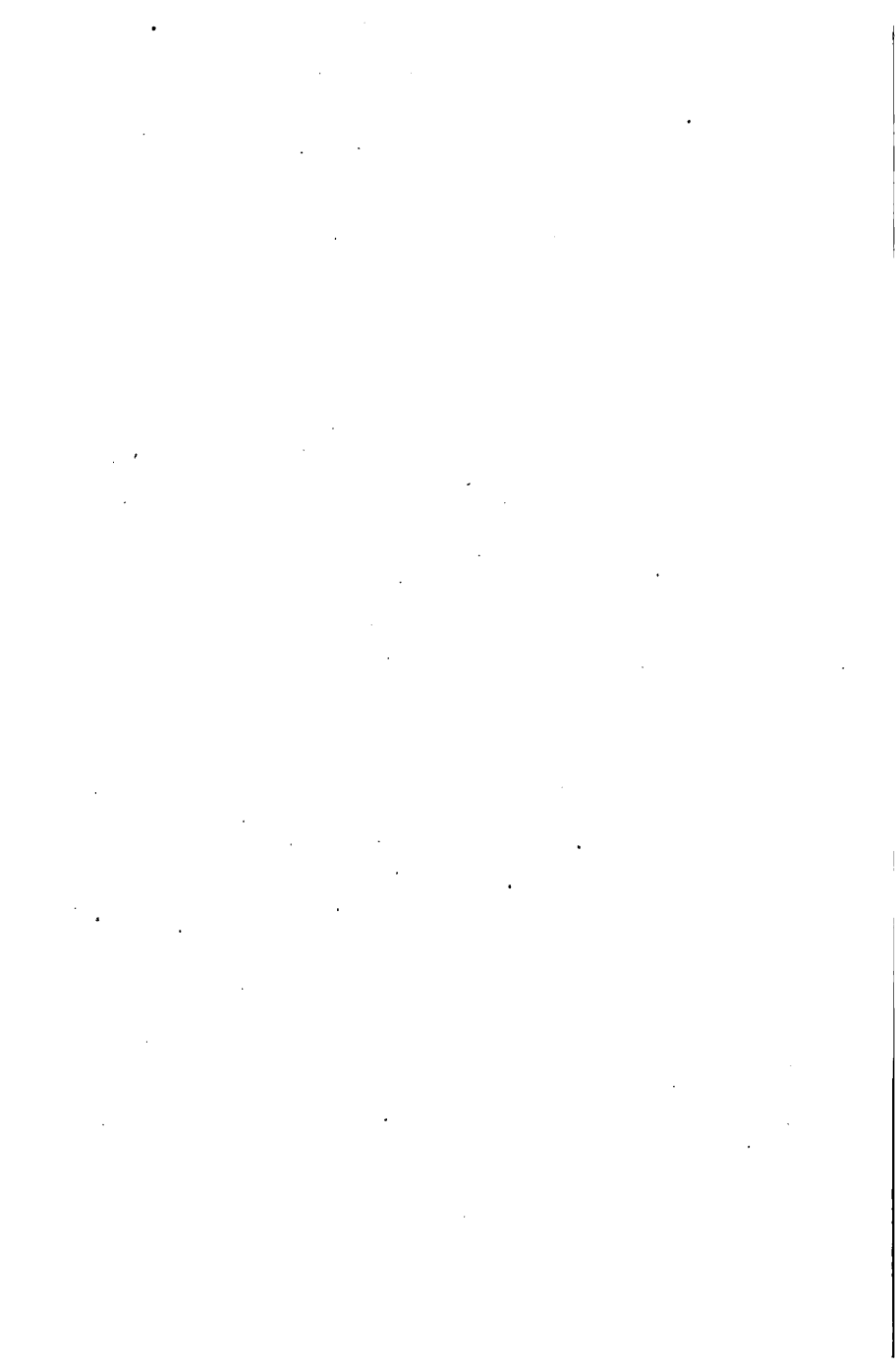
## XXV.

But, oh, whene’er Persephone,  
(Who used to sing so cheerily  
In every mossy glade ;  
And through each lovely laurel grove,  
Wherein the sparkling rillels rove,  
Like spirits in the shade,)

---

From poor Demeter went away,  
Without a prayer or parting lay,  
    To live with Hades dread.  
She mourned much the hapless hour,  
And silent sat within her bower,  
And drooped her graceful head.  
And ever thought of that bright time,  
When Mother Earth was in her prime,  
And life and love filled every clime;  
And all the air rang loud with glee,  
And deep and pleasant jollity;  
As there she played and sang amain,  
With those sweet girls whose golden hair,  
The breezes bore for the damsels fair,  
Whene'er they roamed o'er Enna's plain.






# The Queen of the May.



## THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

---

### I.

RETTY Kate shall be Queen of this beautiful May,  
For her eyes are so witching and bright,  
That they beam as the stars in the calm, watchet  
sky,

When the moon reigns the empress of night.  
And her voice is as sweet as the breath of the morn,  
When the birds sing their love-breathing lay ;  
And her heart is as pure as an angel's of light ;  
And as soft as the beams of the day.

Pretty Kate !

Pretty Kate !

Pretty Kate shall be Queen of the May !

## II.

Haste and gather sweet flowers to inwreath her fair  
brow,

Ere the sun gilds the far-spreading plain;  
While the dew sparkles bright in their gold-beaming  
eyes,

As the sun on the waves of the main.  
Gather all the rich blossoms of purple and red,  
And new buds of white odorous May;  
And some musk-breathing roses and lilies withal,  
Ere the fairy queens welcome the day.

To the woods!

To the woods!

To the woods for the garlands so gay!

## III.

Let your ribbons of blue stream away in the air,  
As ye dance to the voice of the reed.  
Let your garish robes sweep o'er the daisies so fair,  
As ye trip o'er the velvet-like mead.  
And let each happy heart, 'neath the outspreading  
tree,

Where the violets pave the green way,  
Sing aloud, and all mirthfully cleave the fresh air  
With the joyous refrain of his lay.

Ay, and then,  
In the glen,  
We will crown her the Queen of the May!

IV.

Then away, ye sweet maidens, and scatter the flowers;  
Ay, bestrew the wide path to the hall;  
And we'll lead the fair Queen to her throne of bright  
green,

Where she'll reign the proud monarch of all!  
Now ye merry men hie to the ivy-clad tower  
Of the church in the valley so gay;  
And there ring a blithe peal on those cheerful old  
bells,

For this day is our happiest day!  
And we'll sing,  
As ye ring,  
Pretty Kate is the Queen of the May!



## HOLY CECIL'S PRAYER.

---

### I.



LORD of heaven and earth !  
Look from Thy sacred throne  
On me Thy lamb ;  
Weak though I am,  
I worship Thee alone.

### II.

Whatever I have said,  
Or done amiss to-day,  
I pray Thee now,  
While here I bow,  
Wash all my sins away.

III.

For my dear Saviour's sake  
Enrich me with Thy grace.  
Hallow my heart,  
In every part,  
For I would see Thy face.

IV.

O Thou all-powerful God !  
Bless with pure, earnest life  
My friends and me.  
Give us to see  
The sinfulness of strife.

V.

Help me to love Thee more.  
Like Enoch let me be  
Each day, each hour,  
O God of power,  
In converse sweet with Thee.

## VI.

From evil keep my feet.  
    Restrain Thy servant, Lord,  
        From error's ways :  
        Let all my days  
Find pleasure in Thy Word.

## VII.

Help me and all my house  
    To live what we profess ;  
        And seek in Thee,  
        On land and sea,  
The Fount of Happiness.

## VIII.

Shelter me 'neath Thy wings—  
    Thy wondrous wings of white !  
        Let angels fair,  
        Fly through the air,  
And guard me day and night.

IX.


Dear Lord! command sweet sleep  
To seal my weary eyes;  
And when I die,  
Waft Thou on high,  
My soul to cloudless skies!



## LINES TO LITTLE ALICE.

---

### I.

EAR child! I wish to have you live  
A life of peace and holy joy—  
A life as sweet as summer is  
When burly winds do not annoy!

### II.

Oh, yes! as sweet as is the time  
When musky breezes gently blow  
Along the glens, and glades, and groves,  
And where the shining streamlets flow!

### III.

Yes, dearest one, I'd have you be  
Faithful, and good, and just, and kind;  
Aye like the angels ever are,  
Peaceful and pure in heart and mind!

IV.

And dutiful to all at home ;  
For peace is linked with duty, Love ;  
Duty well done brings lasting peace,  
Such as the holy feel above !

V.

I would not have you spend your time  
In idle thoughts about fine things,  
And silly books, and showy robes ;  
For life flies swift on viewless wings.

VI.

But I would have you neat and clean,  
And careful of your time and dress ;  
For only those who careful are  
Enjoy the sweets of happiness.

VII.

Wisely expend your wealth and time,  
And purchase only that you need ;  
For buying things you do not want  
Is making wealth a useless need.

## VIII.

Be always early at your school ;  
Attend to what your teachers say ;  
Yet, if you would be truly wise,  
Instruct yourself whilst others play.

## IX.

Not that I'd have you give up play,  
And live apart, as shadows do,  
From youthful friends and schoolmates fair,  
Because they love more play than you.

## X.

Oh, no ! But what I wish is this—  
*That you should love books more than play ;*  
And yet I'd have you spend some time  
In recreation every day.

## XI.

For blooming health depends on this—  
She pines and dies if we but grieve ;  
Therefore be happy every day ;  
You have my wish, you have my leave.

XII.

But there is something more, dear child,  
That I would have you daily do—  
First love your Bible more than gold,  
For it is priceless, pure, and true!

XIII.

And every Sabbath, when the bells  
Ring out the hallowed hour for prayer,  
Go reverent to the house of God,  
And worship Him when you are there.

XIV.

And sing His praise with thankful heart;  
For God is ever pleased to see,  
Within His blessed courts on earth,  
Obedient children bow the knee.

XV.

Oh, never through your life forget  
At morn and eve to breathe a prayer;  
Our Great High God will list your cry,  
And keep you with His special care.



## XVI.

Thus live while life's deep waves roll on ;  
And when the beauteous angel, Death,  
Shall lay his pulseless hand in yours,  
You'll smile to breathe him your last breath.

## XVII.

Then troops of angels, bright and fair,  
Will come, with feathery wings of white,  
And waft your sweet immortal soul  
To bowers of fadeless life and light !




# COME WITH ME TO THE FOREST FREE.

SONG.

*(For Music.)*

---

I.

 IS June, 'tis June, and all in tune  
The little birds are singing ;  
And far and near, in cadence clear,  
The bright blue-bells are ringing.

II.

The glittering streams, of pleasant dreams,  
Are babbling to the pebbles ;  
While dark-eyed Fays, 'neath spreading mayes,  
Are laughing like young rebels.

## III.

And by each brook, and in each nook,  
The roses wild are waking ;  
For high and low, where'er we go,  
Are full of merry-making.

## IV.

Then come with me to the forest free,  
Where odours float beguiling ;  
Ay, come with me to the forest free,  
While mother earth is smiling !




## AN ACROSTIC.

---

TO BABELSBERG,

THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK  
WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

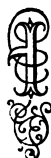
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EAUTIFUL bower, so grandly towering high,  
Amid the blue-waved sea of floating air,  
Britannia's loveliest Rose gems thy grand halls,  
E'en as an angel fair the golden groves!  
Long may she live beneath thy princely roof,  
Surrounded by the flowerets of her love!  
Blow soft and sweet, ye musky-wing'd winds,  
E'en as the breath of first-love, on these towers.  
Round Prussia's future king, and queen, and  
race,  
God of the Nations, spread Thy holy wings!

## THE LAY OF THE YELLOW LEAF.

---

### I.

 'VE a lesson for you—  
Ay, a lesson most true,  
Cried a small yellow leaf from a spray;  
It is short, it is brief,  
Like the life of a leaf:  
Will ye list the refrain of my lay?

### II.

On a morning most fair,  
Through the sweet-scented air,  
Came a light-winged zephyr of blue.  
All around the tall tree  
He danced, looking at me,  
Till he sang, "Pretty leaf, I want you."

III.

Oh, I gave a loud sigh,  
When his bright, winning eye  
Flung a glance on the tint of my face.  
Not a spot could be seen,  
It was dimpled and green,  
Ay, and born with an elegant grace!

IV.

It was all fair to view  
Till that zephyr of blue  
Touched my cheek with the weight of his  
wing.  
Ah, my heart! it was then,  
To this deep, hollow glen,  
That I fell, like a poor, withered thing.

V.

Not a sign of decay,  
As I sat day by day,  
The gay queen of the leaves of the wood,  
Could be seen on my brow;  
It was green, and I vow,  
That I laughed in a right merry mood.

## VI.

And my heart was so light,  
That the stars of the night,  
Loved to peer through the skies upon me;  
And the winds they would sing,  
By each fountain and spring,  
"The oak leaf is the pride of the tree."

## VII.

Ah, that wild-withering touch!  
Sure I little thought such,  
On the soft sunnèd green of my face,  
Would have withered its bloom,  
Like the chill of the tomb,  
And have robbed me of all its sweet grace.

## VIII.

Oh, alas! but it did;  
And my beauty is hid—  
Yea, I lie here, a poor, blighted leaf;  
Just as if I'd not been  
In the woodlands so green—  
Oh, my heart! how it aches with the grief!

IX.

Ah, my friend! such is life!—  
A day's joy—a day's strife;  
And you'll lie all alone and unseen :  
Sure the few fleeting hours  
Of man's life are but flowers,  
That soon wither as though they'd ne'er been.

X.

Then, my friend, let me pray,  
While ye list to my lay,  
You'll prepare for the evening of life;  
Then you'll go, with delight,  
On fleet wings, fair and bright,  
To the land that shall never know strife!





## SONNET

TO THE RIVER EXE.

---



BEAUTIFUL Exe! I love by thee to roam,

When blue-eyed Morn doth leave her vaulted  
bowers

To trip thy perfumed carpet of gay flowers,

As 'twere some charm'd spot, some fairy home!

Yes, then I love along thy banks and braes

To walk in pensive mood, and watch thee glide

Thy violet-scented vale, as a young bride,

Leaving the ancient hall of childhood's days.

Whilom I've dwelt there when the garish day

Knew nought but love; and when thy flow was light,

And every watchet wave, all soft and bright,

Rippled a smile, and sang a spellful lay.

Flow on, dear stream! as thou wert wont to flow;

My tongue shall speak thy praise where'er I go!

## A MORNING HYMN.

---

### I.



GRACIOUS God! for the slumber, so sweet and  
refreshing,

Thou hast granted to me, through the darkness  
of night,

With my heart full of gratitude, deep and enduring,

I return Thee my thanks at the dawn of the light.

### II.

Be Thou pleased, Holy Father, this morn to receive them,

For the sake of my Saviour, on Calvary slain.

Oh, look down, with a smile, from Thy white throne upon  
me,

And conduct me each day o'er life's wide-spreading  
plain.

## III.

Grant me grace to resist the temptations to evil

That bestrew the soul's path through this busy world's  
mart;

Let me live, with my fellows, a life pure and noble—

Such a life as shall honour the joy of my heart.

## IV.

Through this day, dearest Lord, let Thy favour rest on me,

And Thy good Spirit whisper sweet peace to my breast;

Let me do what is right, and look upwards and homewards,


Until angels shall bear me away to Thy rest.



## AN EVENING HYMN.

---

### I.

OURCE of my soul! to whose pure sight  
Nothing is hid by day or night,  
Be pleased to listen to the lay  
I sing to Thee at close of day.

### II.

For all Thy ever-watchful care;  
For golden hours of precious prayer;  
For blessed views of Calvary;  
I render heartfelt thanks to Thee.

### III.

For Thy great love to me and mine;  
For evidence that I am Thine;  
I bless Thy sweet, Thy hallowed name,  
O Thou beloved, eternal Flame!

## IV.

For every mercy, great and small,  
I thank Thee whilst the shadows fall;  
For every blessing Thou dost send,  
I praise Thy name, Thou faithful Friend!

## V.

Oh, let Thy Holy Spirit be  
My Comforter unceasingly!—  
Yea, let His dove-like pinions spread  
For ever o'er Thy servant's head.

## VI.

Through the deep darkness of the night  
Let angels, with their wings of white,  
Watch over me, and all I have!  
For Jesu's sake this care I crave.

## VIL


Accept, O God ! this song of praise ;  
Accept, dear Lord ! these humble lays ;  
Accept my breathings for all things,  
And shield me 'neath Thy wondrous wings !



## THE ANGEL OF THE COT.

---

### I.

 N a reeded porch, one evening,  
Sat a mother, knitting hose;  
And beside her stood her daughter,  
Holding in her hand a rose.

### II.

She was lovely, and obedient,  
And beloved by every one;  
She was happy, ever happy,  
If she could an errand run.

### III.

Only six bright summers knew her,  
Yet she was a very gem!  
Worthy to be robed in purple,  
And to wear a diadem!

---

IV.

“ Mother, I will always love you,”  
Said the little maiden fair,  
With blue eyes of passing beauty,  
And rich locks of glossy hair.

V.

“ I will be obedient to you,  
Serve you gladly day and night,  
Fetch the tea and sugar for you,  
At the shop of neighbour Bright.

VI.

“ To the well I ’ll gently carry  
The brown pitcher on the shelf;  
And I ’ll fill it with clean water,  
I will do it all myself.

VII.

“ To the mill I ’ll take the new corn,  
Have the miller grind it fine,  
Then I ’ll haste and bring it to you,  
In a white bag tied with twine.



## VIII.

“ I will help to get the dinner  
For my father 'gainst he comes ;  
I will be as busy for you  
As the little bee that hums.

## IX.

“ Yes, and I will sew, dear mother,  
I will do it neatly, too ;  
I will darn the stockings for you,  
With the worsted gray and blue.

## X.

“ When the baby cries, dear mother,  
I will rock him off to sleep ;  
And I 'll sing a carol to him,  
Till he lies in slumber deep.

## XI.

“ When you 're ill I 'll fetch the doctor,  
I will fetch him—I myself ;  
For I know the house he lives in,  
And his name is Doctor Relph.

XII.

“ He is kind, and very gentle,  
He will tend you with great care ;  
And, moreover, he is skilful,  
And he loves the voice of prayer.

XIII.

“ So, whene’er you ’re ill, dear mother,  
I will pray to God to bless  
All the means the doctor uses  
To restore your happiness.

XIV.

“ He will hear me whensoever  
I may will to call on Him ;  
Or in the cool morning early,  
Or in the calm evening dim.

XV.

“ For our minister, dear mother,  
Told us so at church one day ;  
And I feel quite sure He’ll hear me  
When to Him I humbly pray.

## XVI.

“ And at church, on every Sunday,  
When the holy prayers are said,  
I will say the sweet responses,  
Kneeling low, with drooping head.

## XVII.

“ I will chant the psalms, dear mother,  
And the pretty hymns I'll sing;  
And I'll be in school each morning  
When I hear the school-bell ring.”

## XVIII.

Thus she spake, in silver accents,—  
She, the angel of the cot;  
While the mother thanked her Maker,  
For her calm and blessed lot.

## XIX.

Flowerets that are sweetest, fairest,  
Die the soonest in the blast;  
So this darling cherub left us,  
When grim Death our cottage past.

XX.

Troops of white-robed spirits took her,  
As she sang her evening lay;  
On their golden wings they bore her  
To the land of fadeless May!



# I'LL WRITE THY NAME UPON MY HEART.

SONG.

*(For Music.)*

---

I.



'LL write thy name upon my heart,  
For it is sweet to me;  
Through all life's changing seasons there  
That name shall ever be.

II.

No time shall dim its lustre sheen,  
No hand erase the line;  
No breath of evil e'er shall come  
To cloud its gentle shine.

III.

I'll carve it deep, as it were gold ;  
Each letter write with tears ;  
And when I look thereon, I'll think  
Of thee in after years.

IV.

Yes, think of thee, beloved one,  
Beneath thy cottage sweet,  
And pray a blessing on thy life,  
Whilst each warm pulse doth beat.


V.

And when I slumber in the vale,  
Deep shall thy memory lie  
Within the casket of my soul,  
Where leal friends never die.

## WHERE IS HOME?

---

### I.

“EAR mother, where is home?” I cried,  
One evening sweet in May;  
As slow she drew me to her side,  
When the sunlight died away.

### II.

She gently placed her velvet hand  
Upon my youthful head,  
And, kissing me, she said, “The land  
Lies far beyond the dead!

### III.

“Where all is beautifully fair;  
Where thornless roses grow;  
Where odours fill the breezy air;  
Where balmy blossoms blow;

---

IV.

“ Where Death ne’er walks the golden groves ;  
Where woe ne’er dims the eye ;  
Where blissful live all faithful loves  
Beneath a cloudless sky ;

V.

“ Where rivers of pure water flow,  
Clear as the light of day ;  
Where foodful fruits deep blushing grow,  
Hard by the scented spray ;

VI.

“ Where all we love, on this green earth,  
In deathless union meet ;  
When they have passed the second birth,  
And bow at Jesu’s feet !”

VII.

“ Dear mother, let us hasten where  
The balmy breezes blow ;  
That I may meet my sister fair,  
Who died a year ago.



## VIII.

“ And father, who was always kind ;  
And little brother, too ;  
Where we shall faithful friendships find,  
And beauties ever new.”

## IX.

“ Sweet love,” she said, “ I long to go  
Where roses never fade ;  
Where pure and pearly rivers flow  
Along the smiling glade ;

## X.

“ Where we shall live in perfect love,  
And holy, hallowed bliss ;  
And walk, in white, the golden grove,  
More beautiful than this ;

## XI.

“ Where we shall meet the spotless ones,  
With wings of feathery gold,  
Who bear the title of ‘ God’s sons,’  
And live within His fold ;

XII.

“ Where Sorrow never spreads her wings  
Above those bowers so bright ;  
Where mystic music ever brings  
The soul all pure delight ;

XIII.

“ Where we shall meet our earthly flowers,  
As lilies of the May ;  
All sweetly blooming in the bowers  
Of never-ending day.

XIV.


“ But we must wait, in patient mood,  
God’s will for us to go ;  
The land’s not distant many a rood,  
Where the balmy breezes blow !”



## LINES TO A BELOVED FRIEND.

---

### I.

HY heart is sad, beloved,  
For sigh succeedeth sigh;  
Some crushing care is welling  
Hot tears from out thine eye.

### II.

Some heavy cloud is passing,  
With weighty wings of lead,  
Across thy brow; and making  
Thy fair soul droop her head.

### III.

Awhile ago I knew thee,  
Ere yet a grief was thine!  
And then thine eyes shot brightness  
In these dark ones of mine.

IV.

But now, alas! beloved—  
Thou art so changed—I gaze  
In vain to see the brightness  
Of those earlier, happier days.

V.

Oh! let me whisper to thee  
Some balmy breath of love,  
Such as I used to breathe thee,  
Deep down the cedar grove.

VI.

Dry up those tears, beloved,  
I'll tune my pipe again;  
The reed will discourse a music  
To still thy every pain.



## A P S A L M.

---

### I.



LORD, my God! in this still hour draw near me,  
And speak sweet comfort to my troubled heart.  
I wish to know Thee more, and love, and fear Thee,  
Therefore, I pray, new strength and grace impart.

### II.

I am unworthy of Thy special favour;  
I am unworthy of Thy smile benign;  
Yet, for the sake of Christ, my risen Saviour,  
Forgive my sins, and make me ever Thine.

### III.

I feel, O God, I often sin and grieve Thee;  
I feel I am not what I ought to be;  
Yet, for the sake of Jesus, never leave me,  
But change my heart, and make it fit for Thee.

IV.


Yea, Lord, for His dear sake, I pray Thee, make me  
Worthy to wear the crown and robe of white ;  
And when I 'm fit for heaven, let angels take me  
To Thy sweet home of perfect love and light.



LINES TO THE  
LADY ELEANOR HESTER FORTESCUE,

(OF CASTLE HILL, DEVON.)

11TH SEPT. 1864.

VER young thy life will bloom, O lily pure,  
Like amaranths around the throne of God!  
Each golden hour the holy spend will have  
A sweeter charm for thy sweet company.

No heart that knew thee, when with us thy smile  
Of sunny softness filled our bowers with joy,  
Revisits Castle Hill without a tear for thee.

High heaven is peopled with blest souls like thine;  
Ever Christ's kingdom is of such as thee,—  
So fair, so young, so sinless, and so good!  
Thou wert a flower too fair for fleeting earth:  
Each wind that wails around thy marble tomb  
Recites this truth—*the sweetest flowers die first.*

For thee, O vestal heart, we weep ! yet hope,  
On the blue pavement of the skies, to see  
Round thy young brow a diadem of light,  
Threaded with gold, and decked with orient gems !  
Each zephyr breathe all lightly on thy grave ;  
Storms harsh and loud beat never o'er thy urn ;  
Calm be thy slumber, O thou gentle dove !  
Under the sacred shadow of our God  
Each moment dwell till we meet thee again !





## THE MEMORY OF THOSE WE LOVE.

---

**N**OW sweet the memory of those we love!  
How bright the vivid glimpses of their lives  
That cross the vision of the deathless soul!  
How dear the silver echoes of their voice  
That float to us from out the marble tomb!  
What wondrous joy-throbs leap within the heart  
Whene'er we sing the songs they used to sing;  
Or walk the groves they tripped so light of yore;  
Or read the book wherein they wrote our name;  
Or use the easel they last painted on;  
Or pluck the blushful buds they valued high;  
Or feed the birds they loved to tend with care;  
Or touch the harp that knew their fingers well;  
Or rest upon the chair whereon they sat,  
And breathed to Heaven their last sweet evening  
prayer,  
As through the purple gloaming fled their souls,  
By angels wafted to God's bower of love!

How sweetly sacred, how divinely sweet,  
The seasons are of this frail leafy life  
That we in spirit-converse hold with them !  
Each crimson pulse leaps wildly from the heart  
When their pure spirits say, " We love you still ;  
But with a love that 's born beyond the skies,  
Where souls unsullied walk the pavement blue  
In flowing robes of spotless purity,  
As white as is the snow-flake's crystal breast."

Father, we breathe our orisons to Thee  
For sending, through the pathless fields of air,  
These holy souls to minister to us  
When clouds of woe possess our feeble lives ;  
As in the golden hours of joyous mirth  
When bright-eyed laughter reigns within our hearts !  
Oh, let their blessed voices daily fill  
Our lives with happiness, and hope, and peace,  
Till Thy majestic voice shall gently still  
The pulses of our hearts. And whenso'er  
That time shall be, (or at the orient hour,  
When blushing Morn wakes from her dreams of love;  
Or at the rosy noontide, when the sun  
Flings warm and wooing smiles upon the flowers ;

Or at the calm and stilly vesper, when  
The gloaming groweth gray along the vale;  
Or at the midnight moment when the Night,  
Clad in her murky mantle of dull clouds,  
Well-woven by the spirits of the air,  
Outspreads afar her raven-tinted wings  
For ready flight, when round her vaulted bowers  
The fair young morning stars sing psalms of praise,)  
Bid Thou, O God and Father of all good!  
Thy angel-legions bear our souls to Thee  
Upon their feathery wings of gleaming gold,  
That we, united once again in bonds  
Of never-fading life, might joyous roam  
The flowery fields of ever-living green,  
That flourish round Thy bower of endless bliss!



# THE SACRED BELLS.

SONG.

(*For Music.*)

---

## I.



ING out, ring out, ye sacred bells !

Ring out the hour of prayer ;

And let your music float the dells

Upon the Sabbath air.

Now bid all come to bow the knee

With solemn face alow,

With eyes fixed on the Holy Three,

Nor aught that's earthly know.

## II.

Ring out, ring out, ye sacred bells !

Ring out the hour of praise ;

And, as your music sweetly swells,

Bid man sing hallowed lays ;

Bid man, in every leafy nook,  
Sing heart-felt thanks to God,  
And read, with reverent voice, the Book,  
On every daisied sod.

## III.


Bid young and old forget their toil,  
And seek the storied fane,  
Where, resting from their daily moil,  
They Wisdom's ways attain.  
Then ring aloud, ye sacred bells !  
Ring loud the hour of prayer ;  
And let your music float the dells  
Upon the Sabbath air !



## THE SOUL'S WISH.

---

### I.

Y dearest Lord ! teach me to shine with brightness,  
So long as Thou dost bid me labour here ;  
Help me to grow into my Saviour's likeness,  
And sin to fear !

### II.

My dearest Lord ! I would be ever near Thee ;  
I would be clad in robes of spotless white ;  
Now give me grace to love, and serve, and fear Thee  
Each day and night !

### III.

My dearest Lord ! I would be daily growing  
Into a ripeness for Thy home above ;  
Yea, I would hourly feel my heart all glowing  
With holy love !

## IV.

My dearest Lord ! in virtue's pathway keep me ;  
From Satan's wiles defend me every hour !  
Help me to scatter seed-thoughts that shall reap  
Thee  
Full many a flower !

## V.

My dearest Lord ! let Thy good Spirit guide me  
Along this valley to Thy bower above ;  
Yea, evermore beneath Thy shadow hide me,  
For Christ's great love !




## THE REST IN RESERVE.

"THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD."

HEB. iv. 9.

---

### I.

T is sweet but to think of the rest that remains  
In the groves of that beautiful plain,  
Where the friends of our youth, ay, and those of old  
age,  
Bloom fresh in their childhood again!

### II.

Not a blur, nor a spot of foul sin will be there,  
Nor a scar from the enemy's hand;  
Nor the shade of a frown from the dull brow of woe  
Will ever be seen in the land.



## III.

Not a cloud of dark sorrow will ever possess  
The redeemed in that region of light ;  
Nor the fall of a tear from the eye of the blest  
Be heard in those valleys so bright.

## IV.

Not a flier nor a gibe from the lip of contempt,  
Nor the sound of the voice of old strife,  
Shall be heard in that home, where the weary shall  
live,  
The calm—the immaculate life !

## V.

No travel-soiled garments shall burthen us there ;  
Not a vestige of sorrow be seen ;  
Nor the tear-stained robe of despair ever sweep  
Through those meadows of bright-smiling green.

## VI.

No treacherous foe, as an angel of light,  
Shall disport in those sweet-scented glades ;  
No hypocrite bask in the beams of that day,  
Whose ineffable glory ne'er fades.

VII.

Ah, no ! in that rest, which remains in reserve,  
Far beyond the bright stars of the sky,  
There will never be heard one fell breath of contempt,  
Nor a tear be e'er seen in the eye.

VIII.

But all will be love, pure, angelical love ;  
And a life full of beauty sublime !  
Ay, a life, such as seraph-souls live with their Lord,  
In the vales of that odorous clime.

IX.


Thank God ! for a prospect so cheering as this ;  
For the hope of a life so divine ;  
Blessed Lord ! grant me grace so to live while on earth,  
That my soul may be Thine—ever Thine !



## BE SINCERE.

---

### I.

E sincere in all you do :  
Let your fellows say of you,  
He is faithful—he is true !

### II.

Be sincere, and do your part  
In the city, town, and mart;—  
God will help the earnest heart !

### III.

Be sincere in all you say,  
For your life-sands pass away,  
Growing less and less each day.

IV.

Be sincere with every one,  
From the rise to set of sun—  
Then a Voice shall say, " Well done !"

V.


And you 'll rise on pinions fair,  
Clothed in woven vestments rare,  
To bright bowers beyond the air !



## THE IVY LEAF.

---

### I.

EHOLD, the ivy on the walls,  
How beautiful and gay,  
It flings its thousand arms around  
The heart of old Decay!

### II.

How bright, upon the cottage thatched,  
It smiles as on it climbs,  
When soft, and sweet, and cheerily,  
Ring out the village chimes!

### III.

How loud it laughs around the towers,  
Castled and strong and high,  
When Winter sways his sceptre o'er  
The leaden-clouded sky!

---

IV.

How graceful round the aged oak  
It twines its snaky form ;  
Spite of the bitter biting blast,  
Or the loud thunder-storm !

V.

Nor time nor place, or high or low,  
Affects its even life ;  
It lives, and laughs, and smiles, anon,  
Spite of the din of strife.

VI.

So let us live through every year,  
Happy, and true, and good ;  
Smiling on all the world around,  
In calm and pleasant mood.

VII.

Ay, like the ivy, let us seek  
To cheer the passer-by ;  
And point him, 'mid his daily toil,  
To a fair and cloudless sky :

## VIII.

To bowers where he shall rest in peace,  
And never feel a grief;  
Ay, where his life shall flourish fair,  
Like yonder ivy leaf!




# I'LL NEVER DESPAIR.

SONG.

(*For Music.*)

---

I.

 'LL never despair, as I journey through life,  
Though clouds of dark sorrow float over my brow ;  
Though on my lone path fall the arrows of strife,  
And foes should detract my fair name with a vow.

II.

I'll never despair, let them say what they will ;  
God helps the true heart in the time of his grief !  
For that I will patiently toil through life still,  
And He will send angels with speedy relief.

III.

I'll never despair, though Misfortune should strike  
My heart with the weight of her dark-tinted hand ;  
To God I will look, and arise in His might  
To gain Fortune's smile in my own native land.



## IV.


Each day I will do what is noble and just,  
And care not for those who would tarnish my name ;  
And then, when my heart slumbers deep in the dust,  
The deeds I have done shall win laurels from fame !



## IN MEMORIAM.

---

### I.

 HE was a cherub sweet—  
A flower most fair ;  
With laughing eyes of blue,  
And golden hair.

Lovely, and kind, and good,  
She lived each day :  
For these she had sweet words,  
For those a lay.

### II.

Eighteen bright summers blest  
Her vestal heart ;  
And then the angels sang,  
“ Sweet one, depart ! ”  
She looked to heaven, and smiled ;  
And then there came  
A soft and thrilling voice,  
And spoke her name !

## III.

With beaming eyes she flew  
That very morn ;  
While, in the fresh blue air,  
The dews were born.  
Up to her Saviour-God  
With joy she flew ;  
For she had ever sought  
His will to do !

## IV.

The poor she loved to feed,  
The sick to tend ;  
Each found in her warm heart  
A faithful friend.  
The weak and helpless ones  
Were her first care ;  
For each to Heaven she breathed  
An earnest prayer.

## V.

The aged heard her voice  
Of silver flow,  
In tenderest accents, on  
Their ears of woe.  
Their bitter tears she'd dry  
With smiles of love,  
And with her white hand point  
Their souls above.

## VI.

Methinks I see her now,  
As on the day  
I saw her in yon grot,  
And heard her lay.  
Methinks her lips again  
I yet shall kiss,  
When we together roam  
The land of bliss.

## VII.

Ah ! even now she speaks !  
Her spirit bright  
Doth often whisper me  
In the still night ;  
Her winning words yet fall  
In accents sweet ;  
I fancy she yet lives  
In my retreat.

## VIII.

O Death ! couldst thou not leave  
This flower for me,  
Till we together walked  
The vale with thee ?  
Why didst thou pluck this rose  
Of scented breath ?  
Why did thy spirits hush  
Her voice in death ?

IX.

Was there no other flower  
As fair as she ?  
Was there no other heart  
So fit for thee ?  
Couldst thou not wait until  
Her golden hair  
To flowing silver turned  
Its tresses fair ?

X.

Be still : God bade me take  
This virgin heart ;  
She heard the angels sing,  
" Sweet one, depart !"  
Worthy is she to wear  
The crown of light !  
Worthy is she to wear  
The robe of white !

## XI.

Others there were on whom  
I've smiled anon;  
But none so fair, so sweet,  
As this sweet one!  
Heaven's amaranths are born  
Of such as she;  
There she will flourish fair  
Eternally!

## XII.

I merely gather up  
The dust of love,  
And hold it in the grave,  
Till from above  
A greater King than I  
Shall bid it bloom;  
Then I myself shall sleep  
Still as the tomb.

## XIII.

O Death ! I silent bow,  
For God is just !  
O mighty Death ! preserve  
This sacred dust !  
May no rude step fall on  
This hallowed grave !  
May no harsh voice beneath  
These willows rave !

## XIV.

Sleep, loved one, sleep in peace !  
God's angels keep  
A watch around thy urn,  
Where willows weep !  
Sleep, loved one, sleep in peace !  
Oft will I come  
To pray and weep beside  
Thy daisied tomb.



## XV.


Blow soft, ye balmy winds,  
Upon her grave !  
Around her holy urn,  
Ye willows, wave !  
Breathe evermore, ye flowers,  
Your musky breath  
Around this hallowed spot  
Of lovely death !



## ON LIVING IN LOVE.

---

### I.

ET us love one another while life lingers here :  
It is sweet so to pass  
The dull time ; though, alas !  
There is much, very much, that will make the  
hearth drear.

### II.

Yet we can if we will live a life of calm peace,  
As we journey along,  
Through the loud-breathing throng,  
To the vale where all trouble and sorrow shall cease.

### III.

Let us make sweet Content our companion through life ;  
And let Carefulness, too,  
With her eyes of bright blue,  
Fling a soft, winning smile on the heart of old Strife.

## IV.

Life would pass through the palace, the cot, and the grove,  
Like an angel of light,  
Calm and peaceful and bright,  
If we would but endeavour to live in pure love.

## V.

Let us *now* try to live, as the seraphs above ;  
Let us make the attempt,  
Though from grief not exempt,  
Yet I'm sure you will say, " Sweet's the life of pure love !"



## L I N E S

ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF VIOLETS, PICKED AT EXETER ON THE  
14<sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER 1864.

---

### I.



WELCOME, ye beautiful flowers of blue !

Welcome, right welcome to me !

I rejoice to behold

Your glad eyes of bright gold,

For they emblem a life yet to be !

### II.

What brought ye out in the grove to-day ?

What brought ye out in the grove ?

Hath some young fairy queen,

In her robes of rich green,

Charmed ye out of your grotto of love ?

III.

Oh, know ye not that December's here?  
And Christmas, on the bleak moor?  
    In a very few days  
    He will carol his lays  
At each mansion and ivy-clad door.

IV.

Ay, soon, methinks, the white snows will come,  
And fling their cold, icy darts  
    On the spot that ye love,  
    In yon deep-winding grove,  
And lay bleeding your sweet little hearts.

V.

Then what, ye beautiful flowers of blue,  
What brought ye out in the vale?  
    Ah! I see by your eyes,  
    Spite of all the dull skies,  
Ye would tell me some love-breathing tale!

VI.

For that I'll listen, O lovely blooms !  
For that I'll listen to you ;  
    For your breathings, so sweet,  
    Fill my reeded retreat  
With a life that is pleasing and true !

VII.

" 'Twas not the voice of a fairy queen  
That bade us smile on your heart ;  
    And bring pleasure to you,  
    In our habits of blue,  
Ere the year shall for ever depart.

VIII.

" Oh, no ! oh, no ! but a voice more sweet,  
A voice more melodious far,  
    Ay, and grander than all,  
    The grand voices that call,  
From a bloom to a soft-beaming star !

IX.

“Ah, yes! for we, by command of God,  
Leave our loved grotto of clay,  
To sing this unto you,  
‘There’s a life pure and true  
In the region of all-perfect day!’

X.

“For this we come to your bower and sing  
Of love, of hope, and of bliss,  
And to point you away,  
Where the flowerets are gay,  
In the vale that is calmer than this!”



## AN ACROSTIC

TO MASTER ARCHIBALD WILLIAM HICKS BEACH

(OF OAKLY HALL, HAMPSHIRE.)

---



LL hail, sweet boy ! I greet thee with delight !  
Run thou thy life-race well and reach the goal,  
Crowned with unfading flowers of fragrant breath,  
High on those golden heights of heavenly bliss,  
Inwreathed with streams of life immaculate !  
Bright as the sunbeams are thy beaming eyes ;  
And fairer than the spring's thy dimpled cheeks ;  
Light as a musky zephyr beats thy heart  
Down pleasant Tapeley's shelving banks of  
green !



Winsome and free the argent brooklets bound  
In the deep hollow of these leafy woods,  
Like virgin soul along the scented groves  
Lit with a glory that is never dim !  
In every nook, embroidered with gold moss,  
And creeping ivies, and a myriad flowers,  
Many a lakelet sings to charm thy heart !


High on yon slope, anent the sounding sea,  
In quiet keeping with the scene around,  
Comely thy uncle's cenotaph doth rise,  
Kerved with his deeds heroic and his love !  
Such deeds, such love be thine, my noble boy !

Be ever like him—kind, and good, and true !  
Each hour of life work for the weal of all,  
And win a fadeless garland for thy brow.  
Cleave to thy sire and she who bore thee 'neath  
Her vestal heart. They love thee much—love them,  
my boy !

## TO-DAY.

---

### I.

O-DAY, yield up thy heart  
To God; and He  
Will wash out every stain,  
And set thee free.

### II.

The resignation make  
Without delay;  
To-morrow thy warm heart  
May be as clay.

### III.

To-day, do something good,  
And something great;  
Then look to God in prayer,  
And patient wait.

## IV.

The seed which thou hast sown  
Shall rise again,  
And scatter fragrant flowers  
Along the plain.

## V.

To-day, speak winning words  
Of love and life,  
And thy reward shall be  
The death of strife.

## VI.

Sing in the listening ears  
Of age and youth,  
Some silver-sounding lay  
Of holy truth.

## VII.

To-day, seek out the heart  
Whose life is sad,  
Then ply thereon a spell  
To make it glad.

## VIII.

Go forth with smiles and prayers,  
And drive dull grief  
From out the mourner's soul,  
And give relief.

## IX.

To-day, the drunkard save  
From sin and drink :  
Haste, haste, and pluck him now  
From ruin's brink.

## X.

*Rescue him now*, and he  
Will bless thee yet;  
Thy deed of love his soul  
Will ne'er forget.

## XI.

To-day, arise, and shine  
In deeds of love :  
Be noble, and be good,  
In town and grove.

## XII.

To-day, be much in prayer,  
All pure and deep ;  
The Presence of the Lord  
Thy feet shall keep.

## XIII.

The Spirit of His love  
With thee shall dwell,  
Through all thy wanderings here,  
In every dell.

## XIV.

To-day, work well for God,  
And thou shalt be  
Crowned with a halo bright  
Eternally.




# LOOK UP.

SONG.

(*For Music.*)

---

I.

HROUGH life, with its sunshine, its care, and  
commotion,  
May *you* find sweet joy in the voice of a friend.  
Oh! e'er let your heart beat with earnest devotion,  
Till *you* shall in peace find the rest at the end.

II.

Ne'er mind the dark frowns of false friends and detractors,  
Be good and be cheerful in all that you do ;  
Our God will protect the wide world's benefactors,  
And give them a home with the faithful and true !

## III.


Look up, for the clouds that have gathered above you  
Will show you a silvery lining at last ;  
Ay, *each* one will yet prove an angel to love you,  
And *you* shall look back with a smile on the past !



## BE STRONG IN HOPE.

---

### I.

E strong in Hope!  
The hour is near  
When God will dry  
That bitter tear.

Oh! look to Him,  
And murmur not;  
For thee's reserved  
A blessed lot.

### II.

Be strong in Hope!  
A diadem  
Awaits thee in  
Jerusalem.  
Let faith look up;  
A halo bright  
Shall rest on thee  
This very night.



## III.

Be strong in Hope !  
And do thy part ;  
God ever helps  
The earnest heart.  
Fear not ; be strong ;  
Thy foes shall die ;  
Beneath thy feet  
Their hearts shall lie.

## IV.

Be strong in Hope !  
Pray on and wait ;  
Jesus will ope  
The golden gate.  
Then in bright clouds  
The Lord will come,  
With angels fair,  
To take thee home.

v.


Be strong in Hope !  
All grief will cease ;  
And thou shalt live  
A life of peace ;  
And holy joy ;  
And perfect bliss ;  
In that sweet home,  
More pure than this !



## H Y M N .

---

### I.

ESUS, Saviour, fair and holy,  
Shepherd of the chosen sheep;  
God of all the pure and lowly,  
Keep me when I wake or sleep.

### II.

Let Thy angels journey with me,  
Harping lays of love divine,  
For I would be always with Thee,  
Yea, I would be ever Thine.

### III.

Let the Halo of Thy Presence,  
While I wait before Thy throne,  
Rest in all its glory on me,  
For I worship Thee alone.

## IV.

Let Thy Spirit whisper to me,  
With His soft sweet voice of love,  
Of the joys for those who serve Thee,  
In Thy perfect home above.

## V.


Breathe, oh, breathe, sweet consolation  
On my waiting heart, dear Lord !  
Save my soul, with Christ's salvation,  
For I love Thee and Thy Word !



## H Y M N .

---

### I.

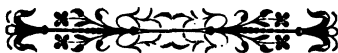
OR this all-hallowed time of prayer,  
This season of refreshment sweet,  
Accept my soul-felt thanks and praise,  
From Thy all-glorious mercy-seat.  
For Thou, O dearest Lord ! art just ;  
Yea, worthy of Thy servant's trust.

### II.

For all the moments I have spent  
In solemn prayer and praise with Thee,  
Within this consecrated house,  
So full of Thy benignity,  
Accept, Thou Ancient of all days !  
This lowly hymn of grateful praise.

## III.

Go with me in the busy world ;  
Go with me in my duty, Lord ;  
Console me through this day with sweet  
And precious portions of Thy Word.  
Let holy spirits guard my life,  
And keep me from the hand of strife.




# THE LOVE OF GOD.

"GOD IS LOVE."

1 JOHN iv. 16.

---

## I.

"OD IS LOVE!"—the Book declares it,  
In its precious, priceless lore !  
"God is Love!"—the blue waves sing it,  
As they kiss the sandy shore.

## II.

"God is love!"—the veined leaflets,  
Mantling yon old ivied tree,  
Tell this truth to every passer  
Through the waving greenwood free.

III.

“God is love!”—the perfumed flowerets  
Breathe it in their odours sweet;  
And the silver lamps of midnight  
Prove it in their calm retreat.

IV.

“God is love!”—the feathered songsters  
Carol this in every lay;  
And the balmy blossoms speak it  
From the violet to the may.

V.

“God is love!”—the waving corn-fields,  
With their golden treasure ripe,  
Silent sing this song to music  
From the joyous reaper’s pipe.

VI.

“God is love!”—the sea of blue air,  
With its cool and scented waves,  
Echoes forth this golden gospel,  
Round the city and her graves,



## VII.

“God is love!”—the rolling rivers,  
    Bounding through the valleys deep,  
Murmur, in soft measured numbers,  
    This grand truth at every leap.

## VIII.

“God is love!”—the pearly rain-drops,  
    Falling from the clouds of lead,  
Sing this lay to every lily,  
    And to every rose-bud red.

## IX.

“God is love!”—the seasons prove it  
    In the ceaseless round they run;  
Morn, and noon, and night proclaim it,  
    And each evening’s setting sun.

## X.

“God is love!”—each daily mercy,  
    And each special means of grace,  
Always preach it, as these blest words,  
    “ We shall see Him face to face ! ”

## XI.

“God is love!”—His long forbearance  
With my sinful, stubborn heart,  
Softly, sweetly tells the story  
Of this ever-wondrous part!

## XII.

“God is love!”—the blood of Jesus  
Will for ever tell the tale,  
To the king within the palace,  
And the dweller in the vale.

## XIII.

“God is love!”—henceforth declare it—  
Sing these blessed words afar!  
Preach them in a life believing,  
Bright and pure as is yon star!

## XIV.

Chant them *now*, my soul, they'll cheer thee  
In each path of daily life;  
Chant them *now*, and they will calm thee  
In the darkest, deadliest strife!

## XV.

Yes, my soul, henceforth for ever,  
Sing these blessed words of love !  
Sing them *now*, and thou shalt chant them  
In the fadeless fields above !




# THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

"THOU ART THE SAME."

Ps. cii. 27.

---

## I.

“HOU ART THE SAME!” Immutable!  
Eternally the same!  
Lord, for this precious truth I praise,  
I magnify Thy name!

## II.

The common things of daily life  
Change with each rising sun;  
The very elements above  
Declare the fact anon.

## III.

The loveliest flower that blushing blooms,  
Within the vale to-day,  
Hath graved on every veined leaf  
The mystic word, "Decay."

## IV.

The friends with whom I counsel took  
Slumber in stillness deep;  
While ever and anon I gaze  
Upon their tombs and weep.

## V.

The scenes, the sacred scenes of earth,  
That knew my childhood's day,  
(Those ever-hallowed spots I love,)  
Are fled from me for aye.

## VI.

The dear old faces that I knew  
Have one by one fled by;  
And, sitting where they oft have sat,  
I think of them and sigh.

VII.

But Thou, my God, art still the same !

Eternally the same !

No change can touch Thy holy heart,

For *this* I praise Thy name !

VIII.

For *this* I'll gladly toil below

Till I shall reach the goal ;

My comfort this,—Thy changeless love

Will ever bless my soul.



## THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

"YEA, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH,  
I WILL FEAR NO EVIL: FOR THOU ART WITH ME; THY  
ROD AND THY STAFF THEY COMFORT ME."

Ps. xxiii. 4.

---

### I.



BEYOND the valley of grim death,  
Lord, Thou wilt lead  
My soul to groves of scented breath,  
Where angels feed.

### II.

Thy blood, O Shepherd! is the path  
From death to life;  
Thy rod shall still the waves of wrath,  
And calm the strife.

III.

Though dark and dread the valley be,  
I will not fear ;  
For Thou wilt walk each step with me,  
And dry each tear.

IV.

Thy holy hand shall lead my soul  
To bowers serene,  
Where crystal rivers calmly roll  
'Tween glades of green.

V.

Thy staff, dear Saviour, through the way  
Shall comfort me ;  
Till, in the land of perfect day,  
I dwell with Thee !



## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

---

### I.



GOD ! in this sweet hour of prayer,  
Reveal Thyself to me.  
Oh ! let Thy Spirit sweetly draw  
My soul out after Thee.

### II.

In this still moment let me feel  
Thy Presence in this place.  
Unfold, O gracious God ! to me  
The beauties of Thy face.


### III.

Oh ! give my praying soul a glimpse  
Of sinless life above ;  
And breathe upon my waiting heart,  
Thy golden words of love !

## GIVE.

---

### I.

REELY, of thy little store,  
Give thou to the Lord;  
He will fill thy barns with more,  
He hath pledged His word.

### II.

What thou hast is not thine own,  
God doth own the treasure;  
He hath spread before thine eyes,  
Bounty without measure.


### III.

*Therefore*, freely give to Him  
Of thy goodly store;  
He will smile, and take the gift,  
Yet will give thee more.

## TO THE DAISY.

---

### I.

 SWEET, lovely flower! meek star of earth!  
Words ne'er can tell the love  
I have for thee, and thy green haunts—  
The mountain, mead, and grove.  
I never go abroad without  
I look alow for thee,  
And list thy silent eloquence  
On true humility.

### II.

Thou wert the little winsome witch  
That charmed the hallowed hours,  
When childhood sang its silver song,  
Within the woodland bowers.  
By bounding brook and lucid lake,  
By fairy fountain free,  
I've wandered oft, in that glad time,  
To seek, dear pet, for thee.

III.

How blithe were life's young pulses then !  
How soft each wavelet rolled,  
Whene'er my ravished eye would fall  
On thine of gleaming gold !  
Yes, in that merry morn of life,  
I've strolled in search of thee,  
When every hill rang loud again  
With nature's revelry.

IV.

Sweet sorceress ! thy charms of love  
Still ply their spell on me ;  
For never do I roam the fields  
Without I seek for thee.  
Smile evermore, meek star of earth !  
Smile evermore, fair flower !  
Smile everywhere o'er hill and dale,  
And in each woodland bower !

## V.

Yea, brightly bloom, and cheer all hearts,  
    'Neath every spreading tree !  
And preach to all thy sermon sweet,  
    On true humility !  
The only wish I have is this,  
    That, where the willows wave,  
For all my love, thou 'lt drop a tear  
    Upon my lowly grave.




# THE FAIRY QUEEN.

SONG.

(*For Music*)

---

I.

 H! a perfect little beauty  
Is the dark-eyed Fairy Queen!  
With her long and jetty tresses,  
And her robes of burnished green!  
The blue zephyrs, all the summer,  
Love to linger round her grove;  
And to chant her pretty carols  
Of their pure and perfect love!

II.

When the sunbeams dance before her,  
And the roses blessings breathe;  
And the winsome woodbines, gayly,  
All around her grotto wreathe;

Then she sings, in sweetest cadence,  
A soft ditty to the winds;  
While her sister Fairies weave her  
A bright garland 'neath the pines!

## III.


Then the chorus of the Fairies  
Floats afar, in silver strains,  
All along the winding valleys,  
And the smiling heather plains :  
Oh ! a perfect little beauty  
Is the dark-eyed Fairy Queen !  
With her long and jetty tresses,  
And her robes of burnished green !



## N O W !

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### I.

O-MORROW is not thine, my friend,  
To-morrow is not thine :  
*Now !* is the glorious golden hour  
In which to live and shine !

### II.

The Past is cold and dead, my friend,  
The Past is cold and dead :  
The brilliant *Now !* must fling her wreath  
Of laurels round thy head !

### III.

The Future may not come, my friend,  
The Future may not come :  
The holy *Now !* must lead thy soul  
To God's eternal home !



## IV.

Then gird thine armour on, my friend,  
Then gird thine armour on :  
There 's a crown, a robe, a rest for thee,  
When Life's great battle 's won !




# BE MERRY AND TRUE.

SONG.

(*For Music.*)

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I.

 DON'T fret and repine, and be moody,  
And move like a ghost through the town,  
Don't live in regrets and confusion,  
And wear on your brow a dark frown.  
But act through your life with decision,  
Be earnest in all that you do,  
Let duty stand first before pleasure,  
Yet always be merry and true!

II.

Life never was meant to be wasted  
In grieving o'er Time's daily track;  
In sighing o'er what one can never  
By years of dull sorrow bring back.

Oh, no ! for our God is too gracious  
To wish us to throw life away ;  
Then live a good life, and be merry,  
And sing a sweet song while you may.





